Volume 177, Number 21
New York, Saturday, November 21, 1953

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

Crisis of Democracy . . *by H. H. Wilson*

BY HIS attack on former President Truman, Attorney General Herbert Brownell has precipitated a major crisis for American democracy. He has made apparent how narrow is the ledge on which we stand today. The attack has many meanings, all serious in themselves, and each reveals a devastating corruption of the democratic political process.

The corruption is implicit, first, in the Attorney General's cynical disregard of the basic value of a democratic society—namely, the worth, dignity, and integrity of the individual. On this fundamental our system rests. Undermine it and the entire structure is endangered. With a cynicism reminiscent of Dr. Goebbels, Mr. Brownell has ruthlessly undercut this value. Without qualification he has stated that the late Harry Dexter White was a "Russian spy." This would be a devastating charge to make against White if he were alive; but to make it against a man who is dead, who is survived by his widow and children, who was, in effect, exonerated by a grand jury which failed to return an indictment against him on this very charge, is a brutal act which shows a profound contempt for our society—a contempt that is customarily displayed only by its worst enemies.

Harry Dexter White was never convicted of the crimes with which he is charged—a charge to which he cannot now reply. The Attorney General of the United States cannot convict individuals, living or dead, merely by stating that he has examined presumed evidence and proclaiming them guilty. This is a form of lynch law, and the fact that it was attempted for self-evident political reasons by the leading law-enforcement official of the government only underscores the enormity of the offense against democratic principles. The enormity of the offense is increased by the well-grounded belief that the report on which Mr. Brownell relies does not justify the charge he has made. On innumerable occasions the public has been assured that the F. B. I. draws no conclusions from the data it collects. While the report itself is not available, it is known to depend in large measure on the testimony of two sterling self-confessed traitors, Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers. Significantly, Chambers failed to produce the documents which are alleged to incriminate White until after his victim's death. These and other circumstances indicate that the Attorney General of the United States has drawn inferences from charges that have never been thoroughly tested or verified.

Whatever its contents, however, the F. B. I. report does not excuse the use Mr. Brownell has made of it. It is not merely that he has acted in flagrant disregard of constitutional principles or that he has grossly abused the powers of his high office; what is even more disturbing is the cynicism of his act. He could hardly have given clearer expression to his contempt for both people and the democratic process than by resurrecting this stale, unproved accusation and using it as a contemporary "bloody shirt" to undermine the confidence of the public in its leadership. This man's contempt for people can be measured by his refusal to grant the press an interview. Imagine the press reaction had a Democratic Attorney General refused to grant an interview to newspapermen! By the same token an Administration that sanctions such conduct would go to any length to stay in power. The American people cannot ignore the fact that this is official Republican Party strategy and not merely the personal whim of Mr. Brownell. This was indicated a few weeks ago when the Republican National Committee declared its intention of using Senator McCarthy intensively in the 1954 Senatorial campaigns. Let it be understood: these are the tactics which destroy; this is poison injected into the body politic.

The corruption of the democratic process is further revealed by President Eisenhower's amazingly casual handling of the issue; indeed, his apparent insensitivity is one of the most remarkable aspects of this fantastic development. First, the President casually approves a speech which he evidently did not examine and, by inference, would not have approved had he read it. Then when he has to face the fire of a press conference, he blandly confesses amazement that there is such interest in

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The Nation, November 21, 1953. Volume 177, No. 21

The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc. 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representatives for Continental Europe: Publicitas.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

this intrigue and, chuckling, agrees that that man Brownell can surely stir things up! Hindenburg's apologists could at least plead that he was senile, but what is one to say of this other general's performance? He doesn't approve the attempt to subpoena former President Truman, but it was a foregone conclusion that such an attempt would be made once Brownell launched his charge. His childish statement that Mr. Truman's loyalty was not in question will not erase the impression of irresponsible conduct which the President has created.

Corruption of the democratic process is implicit too in the character of the charge against ex-President Truman. Bluntly stated, Brownell accused Mr. Truman of knowingly tolerating spies and traitors in the government. To make a charge of this kind, without investigation of the facts, without the semblance of a hearing, against a former President is to sabotage the prestige of the office and the people's respect for it. It is to strike at democratic institutions. It is to adopt the totalitarian "friend-enemy" concept—that a party in power can use any device and go to any lengths to destroy a political opposition. Representative government through a responsible two-party system becomes unworkable if such a concept goes unchallenged. This is tantamount to the principles of the Nazi and Russian purges, to the notion that the opposition not only can be but must be liquidated. Mr. Brownell is too shrewd not to have known that McCarthy, Velde, Jenner would seek to muscle in on the act. Velde's attempt to subpoena Mr. Truman only expresses the contempt for the Presidential office that was implicit in Mr. Brownell's charges. Constitutionally a former President is liable to subpoena, but if an outgoing Administration can be made subject to inquisition by a Congressional committee, the doctrine of the separation of powers has been seriously undermined.

CORRUPTION of the democratic process is implied also in what this affair reveals about the extraordinary power of the F. B. I. as a kind of shadow government behind the government—an agency that is responsible to no one and that has usurped the executive power of appointment by imposing, in effect, a veto on this power. It is time the American people took a long hard look at an organization which no public figure since the late Senator George Norris has dared to scrutinize. It should be an accepted principle that officers of the federal government, including the President, are required to evaluate, not accept uncritically, the F. B. I.'s reports on prospective appointees. Police agencies when they turn their hand to political surveillance often lose that respect for logic and fact which characterizes intelligent detection and investigation in ordinary criminal matters. F. B. I. agents are not notable for intellectual subtlety or for training in political philosophy. There is even reason to suspect that the personnel is not recruited from those in the popula-

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tion most devoted to the ideals of political democracy. In any event, F. B. I. files contain every imaginable kind of information and misinformation, ranging from petitions signed in college days to neighborhood suspicions based on idiosyncrasies, odd hours, loud radios, or late parties. Anonymous poison-pen letters, solicited by the F. B. I., gossip, rumor, hearsay, the rantings of cranks, the well-refreshed recollections of professional ex-Communists—along with any actual incriminating material the police may have dug up—are also included.

AS THIS is written, Mr. Truman is expected shortly to air his side of the controversy. But whatever justification *he* may make for his conduct, the question must still be asked: Should the President—or any other official—be prohibited from exercising his independent judgment on these grab-bags of fact and innuendo in the light of the public reputation of the person involved and the testimony of his friends and professional colleagues? So-called evidence from this same F. B. I. file, which was insufficient to bring about an indictment of White, is enough to cause the Attorney General of the United States to declare that the political police should be the final judge of qualifications of Americans for government positions. Once grant this principle, which is indeed now sanctified by the White House, and the executive will become the haven of the corrupt, cringing, reactionary, and fanatic. For only such types will ultimately satisfy the canons of loyalty evolved by J. Edgar Hoover and his allies, Velde, Jenner, and McCarthy. The poison of mutual fear must then spread until we are paralyzed by dread of a monster of our own imagining. Only a full investigation will reveal the extent to which the F. B. I. under J. Edgar Hoover has now become the power which disposes after the President proposes.

Corruption of the democratic process is implicit in what this incident reveals of the quality of current political debate and discussion, of political activity generally—a condition created by acceptance of the most fantastic hoax of our generation, the domestic "Communist menace." Under the hypnotic spell of this hoax we are reduced to haggling about details, procedures, and phraseology. The timing of Brownell's new twist on an old bromide was hardly accidental, coming so soon after the impressive defeat at the polls of candidates who had neglected what the political delinquent from Wisconsin termed the "real issue," and in the wake of the serious scandals which have tarred the sanctimonious Dewey administration in New York. It was intended to discredit the Democratic Party and win elections for Republicans by linking communism to the old "Truman-Acheson regime." It is now as plain as Cyrano's nose, if it was not before, that McCarthy, Jenner, Velde, Brownell, and Eisenhower do not limit their attack to Communists. They cannot. They will not. The loyalty mania would not serve their purpose if they did. This is a deliberate attempt to discredit and destroy the liberal tradition in American society, to erase from the mind of living men the achievements of the New Deal and the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as a symbol of hope and aspiration for the American people. Moreover, this cynical affair starkly reveals that President Eisenhower has lost control of his own Administration. He is the captive of the Brownells who have in turn delivered him to McCarthy, Jenner, Velde and Co.

The emergence of genteel, "kid-glove" McCarthyism, the kind dispensed by Eisenhower in bland, evasive statements to the press, does not offer any assurance that American liberties will be any better respected in the future. After all, this is the same man who edited out of his campaign speeches at the behest of McCarthy supporters favorable references to his life-long friend and sponsor General George C. Marshall. The hit-and-run tactics of McCarthy now have the imprimatur of the White House.

Now that the real reason for the loyalty purges—an attack upon the Democratic Party and on the existence of political opposition through an attack on liberal thought—has been revealed, an opportunity has arisen to talk some sense about the danger of communism in the United States. Up to this moment individuals have been attacked and smeared and largely left to stand alone, even though it has been clear enough that they were merely symbols or stand-ins for the real target. Under the lash of Brownell's charges, however, the Democratic Party is now under direct attack; its top leadership is being crudely red-baited by the highest officials. The Democrats have a great issue for the 1956 campaign if they can summon the intellectual integrity and courage to meet it. Let them not misjudge the situation. For if they fail to meet this issue, they will be signing their own political death warrant. The primitives among the Republicans, the supporters of Brownell and McCarthy, have already begun the chant for blood. They want those Democratic scalps, all of them. Thus Clare Hoffman of Michigan has asked what should be done with Harry Truman, who promoted a Soviet spy, in the light of the execution of the Rosenbergs for transmitting information to Soviet Russia.

TRAGICALLY, the genuine target of the primitives, the Democratic Party, is still bemused by the hoax of communism. Can the Democratic Party which launched the Smith act prosecutions, which created the "loyalty" program, which first sponsored Chambers and Bentley and Budenz as witnesses summon the will, the intellect, and the courage to fight for its own survival?

The Democratic Party should have had its chief spokesmen on a nation-wide radio hookup denouncing the outrageous attack on Mr. Truman within a matter of hours,

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not of days. Mitchell's puny attempt to pass off the attack as a Republican "stunt" betrayed a gross misconception of the implications of this issue. It is not merely a tactic; it is a frontal assault on democratic values. One fears that the sole organized group in America with sufficient responsibility to be listened to, sufficient independence to take action, and sufficient resources to make itself heard may have become too befuddled by anti-Communist propaganda to recognize the injection of poison into its own blood stream. Democrats should know by now that the voters consider the Republicans to be superior witch-hunters. It would seem astute, therefore, for Democrats to concentrate on disabusing voters of their belief in the prevalence of witches. The "Communist conspiracy," a small brush fire in 1946-48, has become a raging conflagration. It may turn out to be the funeral pyre of the Democratic Party.

On the other hand, Mr. Truman may have saved his party by finally deciding to rebuff the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Had he acted before President Eisenhower's press conference, he might have made it even more difficult for the Republicans to cut their losses. He acted in time, however, to create a great issue for the Democrats in 1954 if they are prepared to fight McCarthyism and all that the term implies. But if the Democrats elect to join forces with the Republicans in continuing the witch hunt, the White case could prove to be the tragedy of American politics.

American democracy has withstood public apathy, judicial supremacy, Congressional corruption, and weak unimaginative Presidents, but it cannot survive rule by informers, political police, and delinquents in government. Democracy is jettisoned when suspicion becomes the equivalent of indictment and accusation of conviction. The political process becomes impossible when disagreement and criticism take the form of charging treason.

The Shape of Things

Philippine Reform

The sweeping victory of Ramon Magsaysay and his Nationalist-Democratic coalition represented, above everything else, a popular revolt of the Philippine people against the cynical corruption and terrorism of the Quirino regime. With a majority of more than 1,500,000 votes—2,819,735 to 1,262,086 at latest count—and complete control of both houses of Congress, the new administration should be able to put through without serious opposition the chief reforms promised in the course of a bitter campaign. Certainly the people expect this of Magsaysay and his party.

Whether he will translate promises into acts of government depends upon the honesty and determination behind them. Large-scale graft and dictatorial rule have been endemic in Philippine politics, the will of the people something to be conjured up for campaign purposes and ignored after election day. Mr. Magsaysay has energy and youth. His record as a guerrilla leader during the war is one of his strongest assets. As Quirino's Secretary of Defense he put down the Hukbelahap revolt without mercy, but had the wisdom to press for land reforms in the districts where discontent had filled the ranks of the rebels. It is not likely that Mr. Magsaysay will give the Filipinos the sweeping New Deal program the country so badly needs, but at least he will be an improvement over his predecessor.

The Fascists and Trieste

By responding promptly and in conciliatory fashion to the Western proposal for a conference on Trieste, Marshal Tito has put the Italian government on an uncomfortable spot. He has not, to be sure, yielded any ground on the major issue of handing over Zone A to Italy, as the British and the United States said they would do, but his willingness to accept Italian rule in the city of Trieste is a notable concession in advance of the talks.

The holding of the conference now depends on the Italians, who still insist that they will talk only if Zone A is first put under their control. This is now obviously out of the question. The Western powers are only looking for a way to back gracefully out of the mess they have walked into. But so far the efforts to induce Premier Pella to accept talks without preconditions have failed. Apparently he hopes to gain his point by hinting that Italian cooperation in E. D. C. would otherwise be withheld.

However, the chief reason for his intransigence is undoubtedly the pressure exercised by the extreme right. An extraordinary thing about the entire Trieste affair is the surprise with which London and Washington discovered that fascism was again making headway in Italy. Allied security authorities investigating the recent riots found plenty of evidence of the part played by the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (M. S. I.) in the first—and worst—outburst of violence in Trieste, and of the close liaison with the party's headquarters in Italy. A few arrests were made, but most of the suspects succeeded in escaping to Italy or managed to go underground in the Free Territory; so new troubles may take place in the not distant future.

The Fascists in Italy were loudly cheered by the Spanish Falangist press, and a neo-Fascist member of the Italian Parliament Signor de Felice, has announced the formation of a "Trieste-Suez-Gibraltar Committee" to rally anti-British sentiment in the Mediterranean countries. All this helps create an atmosphere in which a sensible solution of the Trieste problem has become all but impossible.

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The California Election

It is hard to say just what effect Attorney General Brownell's charges against former President Truman may have had on the outcome of the special election in the twenty-fourth Congressional District in Los Angeles. The district had been skillfully gerrymandered by the Republicans in 1951. The new district would be normally Republican but a split in the Republican ranks created an opportunity for George Arnold, the leading Democratic candidate, since California's cross-filing rules do not apply in special elections. In the final week of the campaign, however, the Republicans managed to achieve a de facto unity behind the candidacy of Glenard Lipscomb, the candidate of the Nixon-Knight faction, with the result that the rival Republican candidate, Assemblyman John L. E. Collier, received only a token vote. But it is worth noting that Mr. Brownell's Goebbels-like tactics did not produce any noticeable feeling of mass revulsion or nausea among the voters of this fairly typical urban middle-class district. While the Republicans finally managed to patch up a truce in the Nixon-Knowland feud—the rival candidacies of Lipscomb and Collier may be traced to this rift—the feud has not been settled by any means nor can a settlement be easily negotiated. Nixon and Knowland both have their eyes on the Republican nomination in 1956 and a bitter fight for control of the California delegation is already shaping up.

Nonsense and Mischief

The Canadian press is not enchanted by the suggestion that Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet cipher clerk who walked out of the Russian embassy in Ottawa eight years ago to expose war-time Red spying in Canada, should be brought to this country to appear before the TV cameras under Senator McCarthy's artful direction, or, as an alternative, that the Senator should junket to Canada to interrogate him. Gouzenko has been held in "protected seclusion" for the last eight years by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He has been cut off from what goes on in Canada, the United States, and the Soviet Union; he has not had access to relevant documents and reports; and he has seen only those persons who have been cleared by the R. C. M. P. It is a little difficult, therefore, for the Canadian press to believe that he has any new information to give.

The Toronto *Daily Star* points out that Gouzenko has gone through a fortune of about $100,000 in the last eight years—$75,000 from Hollywood and $25,000 from royalties on a book—and that he now feels that the Canadians have dealt with him on a rather stingy basis. He is said also to be anxious to have the publication of a new book coincide with sensational headlines in the American press. Comments the Ottawa *Journal*: "Before this nonsense and threatened mischief go further the Canadian government should inform Gouzenko that if he has any information to divulge he must give it quietly to the R. C. M. P., that he will not be permitted to go to the United States to talk to Senator McCarthy, and that Senator McCarthy will not be permitted to come here to talk to him. . . . We don't want Senator McCarthy, aided and abetted by Colonel McCormick, messing around in Canada with his witch hunts. . . . We have enough grief of our own as it is."

Dr. Schweitzer Honored

The unanimous approval of the selection of Dr. Albert Schweitzer as the recipient of the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize comes as a refreshing contrast to the controversies which usually attend the award. Son of a Protestant clergyman, and himself a minister and a missionary, Dr. Schweitzer was led naturally to the humanitarianism which has marked his varied career. His contact with the poor decided him to study medicine; it was with his eye already fixed on the epic that awaited him in Equatorial Africa that he chose to specialize in tropical diseases at medical school in Paris. From school he went to Africa, where he earned his repute as the greatest missionary of our time. In his hospital at Lambarenè, devoting himself primarily to that most dreadful of all diseases, leprosy, he accomplished superhuman tasks. He became the blessed "Apostle of the Lepers."

Perhaps a Nobel Prize for Humanism—had there been such a thing—would have more fittingly crowned his work. He is not only a great humanitarian; he is also a master of the most varied intellectual pursuits. Theologian, philosopher, and historian, he is in addition a remarkable musician, one of the world's greatest interpreters of Bach on the organ. The French Academy of Political and Moral Sciences elected him to membership. France is proud of him; the French Embassy in Oslo hastened to correct a Norwegian newspaper which, misled by the great man's Alsatian name, had called him a German.

Moscow and Bermuda

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris

THE announcement of the conference of the Big Three was received in European political circles with mixed emotions. Those who regarded the projected meeting as a Churchill victory were inclined to hope that his desire for direct talks with the Russians, no matter how difficult the situation, would finally prevail. Others feared that Moscow, which had already protested against the system of "tripartite conferences" as represented by both the Western Foreign Ministers' meeting in Washington and the subsequent conference in London, would consider the Bermuda plan a new gesture of hostility. In fact, to

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understand the basis of these contradictory reactions one must keep in mind the Soviet note of November 3. Contrary to the commonly expressed view that the note merely repeated old arguments and revealed a totally negative attitude, it is one of the most important of the series of documents exchanged between Moscow and the Western capitals since the death of Stalin.

To begin with, it proves that the disappearance of Stalin did not result in the sharp break with the past that many have assumed—partly from the fact that his name has not been so frequently mentioned as during his life. Even from that secondary aspect the recent celebration of the October Revolution dispelled the legend that the new rulers were trying to play down their previous association with the dead leader. The memory of Stalin was honored, as was natural from the Russian point of view in the case of a man who in one of the gravest periods through which the country had passed played a unique historical role. But apart from external details, the continuity of Soviet foreign policy, viewed in its essentials, emerges clearly from any dispassionate reading of the record. The last Soviet note illustrates the point in a way that rules out any further speculation based on fragmentary indications or isolated facts.

OF COURSE PROOF of this continuity does not lead to the conclusion that Moscow's policy is a consistent refusal to negotiate. Willingness to negotiate was expressed by Stalin himself, before his death, in an end-of-the-year interview in the New York *Times*. But the November 3 note makes it clearer than ever that readiness to negotiate does not imply readiness to abandon basic positions, no matter how many illusory or real internal difficulties the regime faces or how much the West emphasizes its policy of developing "positions of strength." And the note also makes clearer the fact that one of those basic positions has to do with Germany. It asks the Allies a question about Germany that may be answered in the note now being prepared in Paris by the Western experts, or later at the meeting of the Big Three at Bermuda. The question is this: If the four-power conference on Germany and Russia to which you have invited us should take place, would you suspend during that conference the ratification of the treaty creating the E. D. C.? It is a question whose logic is difficult to challenge. Since the main object of Soviet policy on Germany is to prevent the rearmament of West Germany and its incorporation in the Atlantic alliance, to proceed with the ratification of the European-army agreement, under which German armed strength would be re-created, would rob such a conference of all meaning.

By rejecting the invitation contained in the resolution adopted by the General Assembly on August 28 to participate in the political conference on Korea, and by stating that in any case that conference could only deal with Korean affairs, Russia also makes it clear that neither Indo-China nor any other Asiatic problem can be settled until Communist China is admitted to full participation in world affairs and its diplomatic status established. That position is also long-standing and firm.

But perhaps the most striking item in the last Russian communication is the statement that "the security of the Soviet Union is threatened." It is not found to my knowledge in any other similar document from the Kremlin. Its importance is accentuated by the fact that it is clearly connected with the new bases installed by the United States extending "from Norway to Iran." On the occasion of the signing at Madrid of the treaty between the United States and Spain's fascist dictator, I pointed out that Moscow took a very serious view of this latest development in the policy of multiplying bases for an eventual action—call it "offensive" or "defensive"—against the Soviet Union

IN THE LIGHT of Russia's refusal to go to Lugano, what practical results can emerge from the three-power conference at Bermuda? The tone in which Secretary of State Dulles prefaced the announcement, saying, as reported here, that the United States would go ahead with plans for resolving the problem of Germany without Soviet Russia, does not promise well. Since the Secretary would not elaborate on these plans, it is difficult to imagine what sorts of decisions on Germany might be reached outside a conference of the Big Four. Chancellor Adenauer has lately been pressing for more direct procedures, especially in view of the probability that the French National Assembly will not vote on the European army until after the election of the new President of the Republic, that is to say, until well into the next year. Given the weight that Adenauer's opinion carries in Washington, it is feared here that he may have won the support of Secretary Dulles and the President himself.

If the Bermuda conference is being conceived as a means of encouraging those groups in France which favor ratification, it could, on the other hand, have the opposite effect of strengthening the adversaries of ratification, who could claim foreign pressure and interference. Here the moment is not ripe for ratification. Many politicians and political groups hesitate even to declare themselves on the subject until they see the outcome of the Presidental election and the course French politics will take after that.

The Big Three conference at London was clearly not a success. It is hard to see what more can come out of the conference at Bermuda other than a possible strengthening of Chancellor Adenauer's influence on world affairs and a decision to go on with the rearmament of Germany whether the Russians like it or not—an action that would hardly contribute to a rapprochement between East and West.

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BRITISH PLOT

Return to Israel . . . by Lillie Shultz

United Nations, November 13

TO THE plot and counter-plot against peace in the Middle East must now be added that perennial trouble-maker—the search for an outlet to the sea, this time by Britain. Britain needs a permanent replacement for its largest base in Egypt, which would simultaneously allow it to garrison troops, provide an outlet to the eastern Mediterranean, and give easy access to its bases in Tripoli, Libya, Jordan, Iraq, Cyprus, and Kenya. Standing between Britain and this desire is Israel.

Since Britain's ultimate departure from Egypt is inevitable, where is the substitute for Suez? Jordan seemingly is the natural place for a number of reasons. The country is almost completely a British protectorate. Created by Britain in 1922, it was administered under the Palestine mandate until 1946 when Britain granted it "independence." Britain supplies two-thirds of the £14,000,000 budget of the country. Its funds maintain the Arab Legion, British led and British trained. Even today Jordan depends almost entirely for its foreign currency on the British subsidy, the openly acknowledged part of which is about £9,000,000, and on the funds brought in by the United Nations Works and Relief Agency. Moreover, Britain already has three bases in Jordan, at Amman and Mafraq in the north, now being expanded, and in the south at Aqaba, with its outlet to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. But Jordan does not have an outlet to the Mediterranean.

How is Britain to get that outlet? Two possibilities exist. The first is to obtain access to Haifa in Israel. To achieve this, it needs: (a) permission from Jordan to move its forces into the Nablus triangle, the area of former Arab Palestine annexed by Jordan in April, 1950, a move which would bring the British within twenty-four miles of Haifa; (b) consent from Israel.

But there are obstacles. First, Britain must create the conditions under which consent could be obtained from both parties. To be sure, the Anglo-Jordanian treaty of March, 1948, provides that in the event of war, "or of a menace of hostilities, each High Contracting Party will invite the other to bring to his territory or territory controlled by him the necessary forces of all arms." When Jordan annexed Arab Palestine on April 24, 1950, Britain immediately thereafter announced that the Anglo-Jordan treaty applied to this area as well. But the British government also said that it had "no intention of requesting the establishment of military bases *in peace time* within the area of Palestine now united to the Kingdom of Jordan." So to move into this territory Britain requires the absence of peace.

Britain's second possibility for obtaining a Mediterranean outlet is to establish a new base in the Gaza strip, which is on the Mediterranean coast. It was at Gaza-Rafa during the mandate that the British had their largest Palestine garrison. But here too obstacles exist. Gaza belongs to Egypt. The Egyptians, it is believed, would give up Gaza in exchange for British evacuation of the Canal Zone. Even if this were to happen, Britain would still need an inland route both to its bases in northern Jordan and Iraq and to its southern base at Aqaba. And here Israel is involved again. For the route from Gaza to Amman and Iraq is through Jerusalem, while that from Gaza to Aqaba is through the Negev. Both routes cross Israeli territory; so Israel's consent is necessary.

How to create a situation which is not peace, and to utilize it to produce an invitation from Jordan to move into Arab Palestine? How to soften up Israel to the point where consent from that quarter might be possible? That was the British dilemma.

Kibya presented an opportunity to resolve it. Backed by the ruling of the chairman of the Truce Commission that Israeli military forces were responsible for the Kibya incident, Sir Gladwyn Jebb could emphasize that the situation was "fraught with dangerous possibilities," but at the same time refuse to advance the logical proposal that there be a discussion of a permanent peace settlement. In this way Jordan's fears of further incidents could be fanned, Israel's desperate desire for peace could be denied, and the door thus kept open for the achievement of Britain's ultimate military objectives.

HERE IS unquestionably the explanation for the crack-down on Israel by Anthony Eden in the House of Commons. It makes understandable the harsh statement of the Archbishop of York. It explains the insistence of the British in every public utterance that the incident was planned and carried out by Israeli military forces, despite the denial by the Prime Minister of Israel. It explains also why the London *Economist* on October 24 could say in a lengthy article discussing pacification of the area that "only force applied from the outside can achieve it." This, says the *Economist,* was "the only recipe for quiet living throughout the years of the British mandate; and so it remains today." Insisting that bitterness of feeling between Jew and Arab is greater than it has ever been, this influential paper put forward the idea that the Anglo-French-American declaration of May, 1950, be strengthened *"to dictate, if necessary themselves to man, a permanent frontier line.* Unless they do so, grave consequences will follow."

Were such a policy adopted, Britain could hope to be named as the representative of the Big Three, since it is the only country with forces in the area. What this means is British forces on the long frontier between Israel and Jordan and in former Arab Palestine.

The British plan is not new. At the height of the Palestine war the Arab Legion, under the command of Glubb Pasha, then still an officer of the British

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army, was permitted by the British to enter Palestine at Jericho with the aim of capturing Jerusalem as a bridgehead for opening a corridor to Gaza. This would have given the two Hashemite kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan, both heavily articled to the British, their much-desired outlet to the Mediterranean, and the British their inland route to Jordan and Iraq.

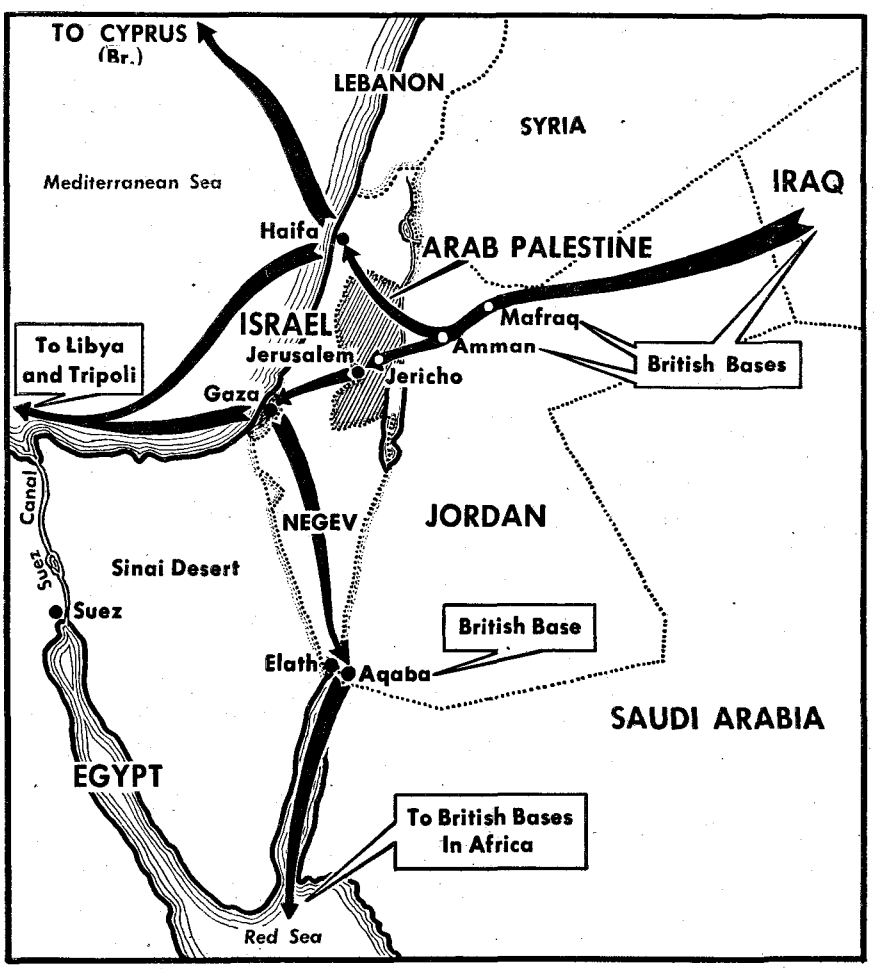
Anticipating departure from the Canal Zone, the British at this period hoped to make Gaza and Aqaba principal bases and put strong pressure on the State Department to influence the Israelis to yield the Negev and their port of Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba. The maneuver failed; the Egyptians captured Gaza and have held it, and the State Department was unable to force Israel to give up any part of the Negev.

The plan called for careful preparation—the accentuation of border tension between Israel and Jordan to the point where Britain could step in and offer its services as the guardian of peace to both sides, at a price. From Jordan the price would be permission to move into the Nablus triangle; from Israel, access to the sea.

The first outlines of this maneuver became visible early this year. On January 31, 1953, according to the Arab News Agency, the Defense Minister of Jordan, Nuseibeh, acting in behalf of the Premier, requested the chargé d'affaires of the British legation in Amman to implement the treaty protecting Jordan from aggression on the basis of Jordan allegations that its territory had been repeatedly violated by Israeli forces.

At the end of June, 1953, three and one-half months before Kibya, detailed plans were drawn up at a secret meeting for the movement of British troops to the frontier bordering Israel in the event of Israeli "aggression." Participating were Jordan's Deputy Chief of Staff Jundi, Major General A. D. Hull, Chief of Staff of British forces in the Middle East, and Neville Captain, commander of the British air force in the area.

On November 11 a dispatch from Amman to the New York *Times* reported that "the Premier of Jordan said that Jordan would invoke the Anglo-Jordanian treaty and request Britain to send more troops here if Israeli forces launched another attack like the October 14-15 assault on the village of Kibya." The same dispatch said that "British forces would be prepared to comply with such a request in the event of another major frontier outbreak." Moreover, said the report, "Lieutenant General John Bagot Glubb, British commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, and other military authorities here believe a substantially larger British force in Jordan would act as a deterrent to Israeli militarists and would relieve some pressure on the Legion and Jordan's National Guard."



Israeli Territory Which British Forces in the Middle East Must Cross to Reach the Mediterranean

WHETHER or not this plan could ever achieve its objective is problematical as far as Israel is concerned. Israel has given sufficient indication of its pro-Western orientation to leave little doubt of where it would stand in an East-West war of principle. But to provide bases for its allies during a war is one thing. To expect it willingly to acquiesce in becoming a British base during peace time, at a moment when its Arab neighbors are in revolt against foreign occupation, is another. That explains why the "softening-up process" was embarked upon by both Britain and the United States.

Into this plot Israel threw its own monkey wrench last Thursday with its proffer of immediate and direct negotiations with Jordan at the U. N. on armistice problems and the prevention of border incidents, and with its bold challenge to the Security Council to declare the existing tension "in truthful terms as a threat to security arising from the absence of peaceful relations between Israel and the Arab states," and in this sense to call upon each of the signatories to the armistice agreements "to enter into direct negotiations with a view to the replacement of the armistice agreements by final peace settlement."

The story of pillage, murder, and boycott directed against Israel on all its frontiers by Jordan, Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon; of the flouting of the armistice agreements by the Arab states; of the rejection of every unilateral approach by Israel for amicable solutions, carefully documented from official U. N. reports and Arab government statements, was so convincing that it required no underscoring by Israel's representative to show

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that the Big Three, in seeking to charge Israel with breaking the armistice agreements, were guilty of discrimination.

How real is the power of the Security Council to bring about a discussion which could lead to peace and how impressive was Israel's presentation were forcefully demonstrated in the same session by the violent reaction of the delegate of Lebanon. In a series of contradictory statements aimed at limiting Security Council action to branding Israel on the Kibya incident, Dr. Malik first charged Israel with having deliberately staged the Kibya incident and conspired with the Big Three to show that the Arabs do not want peace. In the next breath he gave Britain a chance to attain its objective by accusing Israel of a plan to annex both Jordan and the Old City of Jerusalem. And, finally, he warned the principal powers that if they yielded to Israel's call for peace they would lose the friendship of the Arab world.

What will happen now? Dr. Malik and the Arab League will be pacified by being spared a call to peace. Israel will be censured. Jordan will undoubtedly refuse to negotiate with Israel as long as Kibya is on the agenda.

The Security Council, if it fails to call now or in the immediate future for permanent peace, will stand self-condemned for failure to perform on a clear obligation—in the certainty, moreover, that once it took the initiative in insisting upon peace discussions, the Arab countries could not flout its decisions. Failing such action, the British will be encouraged to persist in their drive, *sub rosa* or otherwise, for new outlets to the eastern Mediterranean. There is still the role of the Secretary General. With or without a resolution he has the power to push for peace. The least he can do is to bring about pacification of a border situation between Jordan and Israel by negotiation at U. N. headquarters.

ALAS, POOR ENGLAND!

Commercials Are Coming . . . *by Milton Moskowitz*

London

AFTER a tremendous fuss and vigorous debate the Tory government is apparently going to win its fight for commercial television in Britain. A White Paper setting forth its plans was presented to Parliament last week. A number of prominent Conservatives—Lord Halifax, Randolph Churchill, Lord Brand the banker—are opposed to commercial TV, but the leaders have decided to make it a matter of party policy. The "whip will be on," and a straight party vote approving the White Paper can be safely predicted. Labor is definitely against the change.

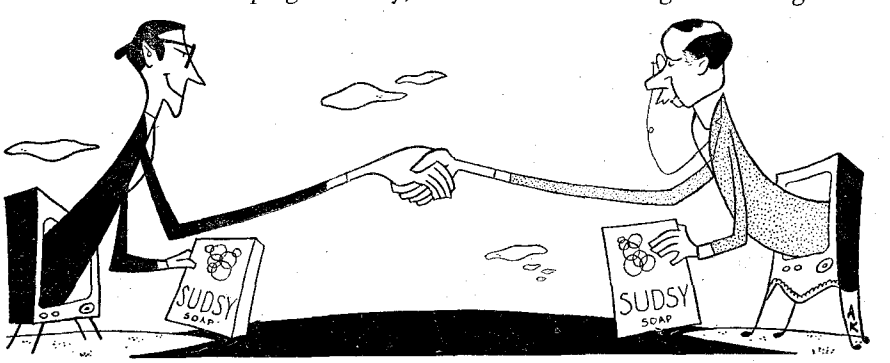
The government proposes to set up a public-utility corporation to build transmitters which will be leased to station-operating companies. These companies will produce programs and sell time to advertisers. At the best, commercial TV will not be in effective operation until 1955.

Commercial broadcasters in the United States may regard this British development as a victory for their system, but actually Britain has emphatically rejected the American form of broadcasting. In fact, the campaign for and against commercial TV has been featured by a point-to-point indictment of American radio and television. Opponents have emphasized the overbearing advertisements and low cultural level of American broadcasting. Advocates reply: "British programs would be different. The British people would never put up with the American kind and the advertisers here know this. The important thing is to end the B. B. C. monopoly."

To avoid the "American" label the commercial TV forces sedulously avoid the phrase "sponsored television." They insist that the commercial operation planned for Britain will be sponsorless. What they mean is that the British system will separate programs completely from advertisers and advertising agencies. The stations alone will be responsible for the production of programs. The advertisers will merely be offered time slots—and *between* programs only; there will be no interruptions of shows.

The position of the advertising fraternity in the dispute is interesting. The agencies, as a whole, are not in the forefront of the battle for commercial TV. In fact, a poll conducted by *Advertiser's Weekly* showed that most advertising executives were personally against commercial TV. As a result, the official advertising associations have maintained a hands-off attitude. But they have issued two memorandums to the Postmaster General proclaiming the industry's "honorable intentions" in the event commercial TV is approved. These statements assured one and all that British advertising people, unlike their American counterparts, are not planning to go into the entertainment business; they will leave that job to the stations.

Some of the big advertising com-



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panies, however, particularly American-owned agencies, such as the J. Walter Thompson Company and Young and Rubicam, have not been too shy about showing their enthusiasm for a commercial system. The reason is perfectly obvious. With the advantage of the experience and backlog of their parent firms in America, these agencies will have a jump on their competitors here. Most of the British agencies are not too happy about the prospect of coping with a completely new medium, especially since it will require a considerable outlay.

Christopher Mayhew, a radio-TV actor who is also a Socialist M. P., and Sir Alexander Korda, the film producer, have both warned that commercial TV carries the threat of an American invasion. Old films, already used in the United States, may be dumped on the British market. The giants of American radio-TV—Procter and Gamble, Lever, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, Ford, Kellogg—are also giants in the British marketing field. Why should they pay for new shows if they can use these old films? British actors and writers, well aware of United States dominance in the movie and record industries, fear that their television system may be the next dollar conquest.

At the present moment Britain has about 2,500,000 television sets. Since this is only a 16 per cent coverage of private homes, the B. B. C. still has a long way to go before matching the saturation in the United States. The initial buyers have been mainly low-income families, and the business of British pubs and movie theaters has already dropped off. J. Arthur Rank, the chief figure in the British movie industry, recently reported that 236 of his 550 theaters operated at a loss in 1952.

THE INADEQUACY of the B. B. C. television service—so far it has offered only one program—has undoubtedly aided the commercial-TV forces. Even the opposition has admitted this inadequacy, although it claims there is nothing wrong with the B. B. C. that a bigger appropriation would not cure. Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch,* has used his magazine to spearhead the fight for commercial TV and has hammered away at the point that the B. B. C., as a monopoly, is forced to toe a circumspect, namby-pamby line which robs programs of their vitality and shuts out real controversy. He has contrasted the lack of choice provided by the B. B. C. with the variety available on American radio and television. A more telling argument perhaps has been the fact that some of the B. B. C.'s most successful TV programs are American imports.

The formidable opposition to commercial TV includes the Labor Party, the Trades Union Congress, the National Council of Churches, the National Union of Teachers, the *Times,* the Manchester *Guardian,* the *Sunday Observer,* Bertrand Russell, and a host of leading educators. Their objections were reinforced last June by the advertisements inserted by American stations during showings of the Coronation film. The British people were infuriated by this action. Originally, the White Paper on commercial TV was to be submitted to Parliament in late June or early July, but the outcry forced a change in the timetable. The Coronation fervor has died down now, and the Conservatives expect to steer the White Paper through Parliament without too much difficulty.

Clement Attlee has warned that if the Tories establish a commercial TV system, the Socialists will undo it when they return to power. This, however, was more of a debating point than a pledge. Future Labor policy will depend on the accomplishments or failures of the new system. In any case it will be extremely interesting to see whether British television can go commercial without going American.

RIGHT TO COUNSEL

And Counsels' Rights . . *by Charles Alan Wright*

I WAS in a Milwaukee barber shop a few hours before the Rosenbergs were executed. The radio reported a last-minute plea for clemency by Emmanuel Bloch, lawyer for the convicted atom spies. With a sound of disgust the barber turned off the radio. "They ought to electrocute that guy Bloch too," he said; "anybody that would try to save those —— is as bad as they are."

The Sixth Amendment to the United States Constitution guarantees "the assistance of counsel" to persons accused of a crime. The spirit of this guaranty is clear: the accused should have the benefit of a good lawyer, making the most vigorous defense possible, before he is brought to judgment for his acts. Yet the public attitude toward lawyers who represent unpopular defendants, and particularly those accused of disloyalty, is so hostile that such defendants frequently find it difficult to persuade reputable lawyers to take their cases.

When the so-called "second-string Communists" were indicted, they approached approximately 200 lawyers in the New York City area, over a period of months, before obtaining counsel. Many of the lawyers who refused the case had legitimate reasons for doing so. It was obvious that the trial would last some months, and some lawyers could not give that much time. Other lawyers were accustomed to receive larger fees than the amount the Communists could pay. But in many cases the lawyers refused to represent the defendants, as a number of them admitted, because they did not want the reputation they would thus acquire.

At the time this case was in the news,

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Whitney North Seymour, president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, denounced as "false Communist propaganda" the belief that "Communists could not get non-Communist trial lawyers to represent them for fear of social or economic reprisals." Mr. Seymour's charge was reflected in a later resolution of the New York State Bar Association which said that Communists "have always, in fact, been able to get competent counsel." In contradiction to this, the New York *Times,* surely no Communist propaganda medium, has asserted editorially that the constitutional guaranty of counsel "is in danger of disappearing into thin air," and that "lawyers are beginning to shy away from such cases for fear that they too may be tarred with the Communist brush."

Furthermore, Federal Circuit Judge Charles E. Clark noted in a judicial opinion that "it is no secret that the difficulty of securing counsel to defend adequately unpopular minority groups is great, and indeed acute in non-metropolitan districts." While some lawyers may have refused to represent Communists because the latter insisted on imposing terms which no self-respecting lawyer could accept—a charge made by Mr. Seymour and immediately denied by several reputable lawyers who have agreed to act in cases of this sort—it is quite clear that it has been the fear of social and economic reprisals which has deterred many lawyers from taking such cases.

Indeed, just in the last month the lawyer who reluctantly agreed to represent Robert Thompson, the fugitive Communist leader recently arrested in the Sierras, told the court that Thompson had previously consulted "about twenty lawyers," all of whom had refused to take his case "because of fear that to do so would affect their business relationships or would encourage government reprisals."

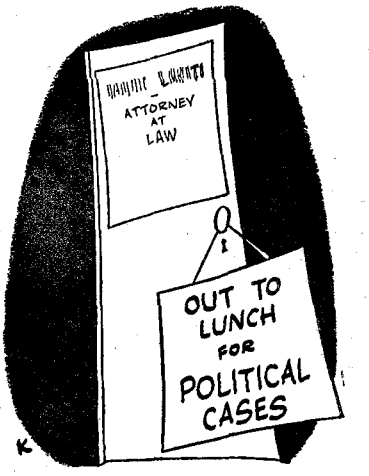
THE BAR has a splendid tradition of assisting even the most hated defendants. Persons who have committed the most shocking crimes, for which they have been rightly despised by the public, have appeared in court with the greatest lawyers of the day at their side. Generally speaking, lawyers have been able to take such cases because the public has not imputed to them the crimes of their clients. No one has ever supposed that a lawyer who has represented a murderer or a tax evader has himself killed in cold blood or cheated on his taxes. But when the crime of which the prisoner is accused stems from a repugnant ideology, it is easy to suppose that all those who defend him share that ideology. Anyone who would defend people who are so disloyal to this country as to give away atom-bomb secrets, we are tempted to think, must be himself disloyal. The Milwaukee barber is not the only person to have reasoned in that fashion.

Item: Charles J. Margiotti, Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, wrote a letter to the Allegheny County District Attorney urging that official to fire one of his assistants on the ground that the assistant's "communistic associations" were such as to make her "dangerous to the security of our people in Pennsylvania." The principal facts on which the chief law-enforcement officer of Pennsylvania rested his damning conclusion were that the assistant in question had acted as counsel for a distributor of Communist pamphlets who was tried for handing out this literature without a permit, and that she had sat with lawyers defending the secretary of the Pittsburgh branch of the Communist Party when he was tried for inciting to riot.

Item: Whittaker Chambers says that Lloyd Paul Stryker was apparently in line for a federal judgeship until the White House was convinced that appointment to such a position of a person who had represented Alger Hiss would leave "an unhappy impression" on the nation and that the Senate might refuse to confirm.

Item: Only last June Senator William Jenner announced that he planned to discuss with Senator McCarthy "a possible inquiry into the status of lawyers who have defended alleged Communists or former Communists."

Item: A committee of the American Bar Association, under the chairmanship of Mr. Seymour, reported this summer that excellent anti-Communist lawyers who have represented Communists out of a sense of public duty have been subjected to "severe personal vilification and abuse. . . . Important legal business has been taken elsewhere."



Item: The Hoffman committee of the House of Representatives, in the course of stormy hearings about public housing in Los Angeles, slapped subpoenas on lawyers representing witnesses who refused to tell whether they were Communists, and asked the same question of the lawyers.

THE DIFFICULTY of obtaining counsel for supposedly disloyal persons has not been lessened by the recent action of the American Bar Association, calling for disbarment of Communists, or by the proposed listing of the National Lawyers' Guild as a "subversive" organization. The lawyer who is most likely to take on the distasteful duty of defending the Smith-act case is the one with a lifetime record of devotion to civil rights and other liberal causes. This lawyer, already in danger of disbarment if he has belonged to the Lawyers' Guild, is likely to consider a long time before doing anything more that will bring suspicion upon him, particularly when he thinks that such men as Attorney General Margiotti, who regards the defense of a Communist as proof that the lawyer is a security menace, may be sitting on the Bar Association committee which reviews the lawyer's fitness to continue in practice.

The hard fact is, that with public opinion such as it is today it takes great courage and a high sense of duty for a loyal lawyer to represent a defendant accused of disloyalty. And even if such a lawyer is found, the defendant is still not sure that he will have that effective defense to which he entitled.

Justice Jesse W. Carter, of the Supreme Court of California, commented last winter that it is becoming increas-

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ingly difficult for lawyers properly to defend persons accused of subversive activities. This is largely a result of the famous trial of the eleven Communists before Judge Harold Medina. The behavior of the lawyers in that case became a national scandal, and since that time the view of the legal profession has been that while such persons should have lawyers, still the trial must not be turned into a circus, nor must the defendants be allowed to use it for political propaganda. These warnings to future lawyers have been highlighted by the unprecedented punishments visited upon the erring lawyers in the celebrated case. Judge Medina himself imposed fines and prison terms upon all of them, and was sustained in this action by divided votes in the Court of Appeals and Supreme Court, though scholarly comment has been almost uniformly critical of these decisions. But now it appears that this is not the end of the matter, and that a further example is to be made of these lawyers by disbarring them. Such action has already been taken against two of the five and is pending against a third.

THE MOST recent case is that of Harry Sacher. Sacher practiced for twenty-four years without a blemish on his record before he entered into the case of the eleven Communists. For his misbehavior in that case he was given a six-month jail sentence, the maximum penalty which the law allows. Since serving his sentence, he has appeared as counsel in other cases involving Communists, and in such cases the court has praised his work as "able and industrious" and referred to his "vigorous and able argument." His conduct, so we are told, has been "uniformly courteous and dignified." Indeed, in dissenting from the judgment of disbarment against Sacher, Judge Clark wrote: "Were we to select a public defender, we could hardly do better than seek respondent's services in cases of this type where it is difficult to secure able representation and will undoubtedly become more so in consequence of decisions such as this."

It is probably of interest only to historians that these proceedings against the lawyers who appeared before Judge Medina seem to be the first recorded instances of disbarment of lawyers merely because they had been in contempt of court. Surely it is extraordinary, however, to find an opinion permanently barring a man from the practice of his profession which reads like a letter of recommendation. Yet the court which disbarred Sacher points out that it found in his conduct no taint of "venality or lack of fidelity to the interests of his clients" but only an "excess of zeal in representing his clients." It went on to suggest that his qualities would be "unobjectionable in commercial fields" and that "in negotiations . . . he would be a trustworthy and highly effective representative."

Of course lawyers may let their zeal for their client's interests cause them to behave in such an unseemly manner that the court must restrain them or, failing that, impose punishment upon them. But surely it is a topsy-turvy world in which the canons of a profession call for "entire devotion to the interest of the client, warm zeal in the maintenance and defense of his rights," while at the same time a man is said to be disqualified from membership in the profession because of too much devotion, too warm a zeal.

In our history books we read with pride of the trial of John Peter Zenger, the young New York printer who dared to publish criticism of the colonial governor, and who was acquitted of sedition when the jury found that the criticisms were truthful. The real hero of the case is not Zenger but Andrew Hamilton, an old Philadelphia lawyer who came to New York to defend Zenger after the governor had so intimidated other lawyers that they would not take the case. The trial judge, quite correctly under the law of the day, told Hamilton that he should say nothing about the truth of Zenger's criticisms, since they were a crime even if they were true. The judge warned, he threatened, he ordered Hamilton to say nothing about truth. In the face of all this, Hamilton continued to argue to the jury that his client should not be convicted for printing the truth. The jury's verdict of acquittal changed the law and established the foundation on which rests our precious right to speak and to know the truth about our high officials, no matter how distasteful that truth may be to them.

Harry Sacher is no Hamilton, and his boisterous courtroom conduct contributed nothing to an effective defense of his clients. But tomorrow's lawyer may be a Hamilton; tomorrow's case may be one in which it is necessary to ignore courtroom proprieties and the orders of the judge to defend a person wrongly accused. When such a case arises, it can only be hoped that the lawyer will have the courage to ignore all the warnings against rocking the boat which are now so in vogue.

DESPITE all this, the situation is not so bad that hysterical pronouncements about the right of counsel being at an end are as yet in order. Persons like Alger Hiss and Owen Lattimore, who have denied the charges of disloyalty against them, have been able to retain some of the best lawyers in the country. The bar in some cities has been more conscious of its obligation than in others: thus while the New York second-string Communists were having such trouble, persons charged with similar crimes in Los Angeles were able to obtain reputable counsel fairly readily. And in the last month the Philadelphia Bar Association has announced that the chairman of its criminal-law committee, an excellent lawyer, will defend persons recently indicted there for violation of the Smith act.

Most encouraging of all is the recognition given this problem at the August convention of the American Bar Association, where resolutions were adopted pointing out the duty of the bar to assist the most unpopular defendants, and promising the support of the bar to any lawyer who is criticized or attacked for acting in such a capacity. It is appropriate that the Bar Association should act in this matter, for it is the lawyers, not the Communists, who will suffer from the present difficulties. In the great bulk of cases against admitted Communists, the result must be the same whether they are represented by the greatest lawyer in the country or by a young man just out of law school. But the result will not be the same to the legal profession. If the profession is derelict in its responsibility to these accused persons, if it allows public acceptance of the view that the beliefs and wrongs of the client may be imputed to his counsel, it is the freedom and integrity of the bar which will be the loser.

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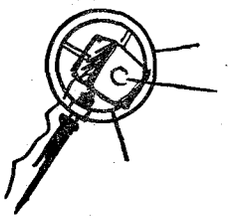
A Boston Churchman Challenges the Witch-Hunters



By Donald G. Lothrop

[*This is* The Nation's *own "Voice of America," an occasional feature bringing to our readers condensations of important speeches or public communications which have received little or no notice in the press. The Reverend Donald G. Lothrop, minister of the Community Church in Boston, addressed this letter to the "clergy, the lawyers, and the professors of Massachussetts" shortly after H. L. Philbrick, the F. B. I. informer, in testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, accused him of "operating under Communist Party discipline."*]

YOU who are the most articulate and competent supporters of what is the essence of our American way of life, namely, the Anglo-Saxon form of democracy, jurisprudence, and culture, have at present a great responsibility and opportunity. The time has come to speak out with a clear and courageous voice for those canons of law and customs of due process which have so long characterized our great tradition and which have served as an exemplar lighting up all the dark corners of our world. These canons and procedures are now being destroyed before our eyes. If they are not used they will die of disuse, and the "treason of the intellectuals" will cause the destruction of all our cherished values. A great Boston institution, the Community Church, has been attacked, and I as well as other ministers have been slandered by a process which has no reference to our Constitution or judicial procedure.

The testimony of one H. L. Philbrick has been spread upon the public record without any safeguards of competency or regard for truth. He and the House Committee on Un-American Activities have by-passed that "due process of law" which is fundamental to our American system. Referring to me, Philbrick said on July 9, 1953, "He is one of the individuals who, I am sure in my own mind, is operating under Communist Party discipline." But he prefaced this testimony by stating that he had no legal evidence which would stand up in court.

To release this admittedly irresponsible testimony was a violation of a trust on the part of the House committee. To place credence in Philbrick without a check, without asking me to interrogate or reply, was a violation of "due process" and a by-passing of the judicial process.

The dubiousness of Philbrick's purely and consciously imaginative testimony is brought out clearly by the following excerpt from the record of his appearance before the same committee on July 23, 1951:

> *Mr. Tavenner.* Don't you know how many [clergymen] were in that group?
>
> *Mr. Philbrick.* My best guess is that in the Boston area there were perhaps between six and twelve people in that particular cell.
>
> *Mr. Tavenner.* Can you identify any of the individuals in that group?
>
> *Mr. Philbrick.* No, I can't, not by direct legal evidence.

How can Philbrick state in 1953 what he could not state in 1951? Has his memory been tampered with by the compulsion to pull yet more rabbits out of his hat? The questionableness of Philbrick as a "witness" was adequately exposed and explained by the Harvard Corporation when, as reported in the New York *Times* of September 1, 1953, it announced:

"The Harvard Corporation had been urged to give little or no weight to the testimony before the Jenner subcommittee on the ground that there had been no cross-examination and that since Mr. Philbrick earned money from writing and lecturing on Communist activity, he must keep producing *new* evidence in order to prosper and that hence he tends to distort the truth; that his testimony is largely if not wholly hearsay."

On the basis of "hearsay" I have been slandered and the Community Church of Boston has been attacked. Yet this church for thirty-three years, seventeen of which I have been minister, has been the classic example of the democratic polity of the ancient New England church and the embodiment of the Boston tradition of Theodore Parker. Its pulpit has been occupied by some of the finest preachers, theologians, statesmen, scientists, and jurists which this country has produced, and to it have come tens of thousands of persons from every walk of life, of every color, creed, political and religious background.

The Community Church of Boston, on its record, has served the community as a center of the brotherhood of man. As a center of freedom of speech, press, and assembly it has been without peer. By maintaining a program of education in the fields of religion, psychiatry, and the application of religion to social issues, it has set a standard which has stimulated other institutions. As a pioneer in marriage-problem consultation and group psychotherapy under religious auspices it has lifted the sights of church service to the community. By sponsoring a Sunday School rooted in non-sectarian religion, it has supplied a greatly felt need in a community of diverse religious cultures.

To threaten with false testimony and unfounded rumor, and to bless baseless accusations with government credentials, is to replace American democracy with totalitarianism and to undermine the foundations of this Republic. The Community Church, its members and its minister alike, has acted upon the most profound faith in democracy, the Constitution of the United States, and its Bill of Rights.

The future of that faith and of our Republic is in danger. Let your voice be lifted up in the pulpit, in the hall of justice, in the classroom, in all the places where the culture of our people is cherished, glorified, perpetuated, and enhanced.

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BOOKS

Visions of Great Spirits

THE VOICES OF SILENCE. By André Malraux. Doubleday and Company. $25.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE final, and 642d, page of this magnificent book records the date span, 1935-51. It was first published in 1949-50 as a three-volume work under the general title "Psychologie de l'art," the third volume containing three supplementary studies as a long appendix. An English translation, by Stuart Gilbert, was published by Pantheon Books in the Bollingen Series at a total price of $37.50. The current single-volume edition, considerably revised, appeared in Paris in 1951, and Stuart Gilbert has again made the translation.

While the work is essentially the same but a little more accessible in format and price, certain important changes may be noted. The over-all title, which was very misleading, has been enormously improved. For this is a book about the visions of great spirits, from the dawn of history to our own age, from Europe to the Far East, from a Celtic coin to the Sistine ceiling. Its theme is powerfully stated in this passage:

> The artist has "an eye," but not when he is fifteen; and how long it takes a writer to learn to write with the sound of his own voice! The greatest painters' supreme vision is that of the last Renoirs, the last Titians, Hals' last works—recalling the inner voice heard by deaf Beethoven: that vision of the mind's eye whose light endures when the body's eyes are failing.

And later in this one:

> Feeble indeed may seem that brief survival of his [man's] works which does not last long enough to see the light die out from stars already dead! Yet surely no less impotent is that nothingness of which he seems to be the prey, if all the thousands of years piled above his dust are unable to stifle the voice of a great artist once he is in his coffin.

S. LANE FAISON, JR., The Nation's art critic, is chairman of the Department of Art at Williams College.

Like the original text, the translation has been perfected, especially in the titles of what were the separate volumes. The first part still challenges the reader with the phrase Museum Without Walls. The second, consisting primarily of the long supplementary essays, is called The Metamorphoses of Apollo. The third, once clumsily rendered as The Creative Act, is now The Creative Process. The fourth, too Spenglerian in overtone as The Twilight of the Absolute, is now The Aftermath of the Absolute—an improvement but still wide of the mark from the probably untranslatable original, *La Monnaie de l'Absolu.* Small Change of the Absolute would be more accurate, no doubt, but wrong in verbal tone.

To keep down the poundage to the portable, the format is smaller and the type denser, though perfectly legible. Color plates have been reduced to fifteen —a serious curtailment of the book's value—but the plates are of the same high standard. The superb black-and-white heliogravures are slightly reduced in size with little loss of impact, and though there are fewer of them, they number 450. Thus the extraordinary range of Malraux's reference is still wonderfully illustrated. There is a welcome seven-page synopsis of the contents at the end of the book, but no index, though one appeared after the final volume of the Bollingen edition. This is a serious loss: Malraux's thought darts so rapidly and with so many unexpected returns to the same theme that one would like to collate everything he says about a given artist or picture. The French edition, "Les Voix du Silence," is likewise without index. I sometimes think the notorious resistance of the French to indices proceeds from the same frame of mind that makes this great people resist a stable form of government.

In reviewing the earlier edition (*The Nation,* May 27, 1950, and September 15, 1951), I said that this monumental and profound apostrophe to the arts lacked clarity of structure. In the new edition the focus has been sharpened. While the argument proceeds substantially as before, whole sections have been fitted into new contexts. Many pages have been rewritten, sometimes to provide more adequate transition from idea to idea, sometimes to perfect and develop the thought. The book is still longer than it need be, and it is still marred by repetitions. Nevertheless, its brilliance and resonance are hardly to be matched in the literature of art. Who, among living writers at least, combines such qualities of mind and poetic insight with such command of the written word, such knowledge, and such a comprehension of man and of history as to be able to embark, à la Toynbee, upon a broad appraisal of man's visions made visible?

AS BEFORE, Malraux's most far-reaching idea is that the museum of today, while it has contributed to the destruction of all absolutes save art itself, has opened up the possibility of a new world-wide culture. The anthropocentric humanism of Greece and Rome, which Western civilization since the Renaissance has thought indispensable, is found wanting by modern man. We can no longer believe that the sculptures of Olympia are art and that the heads of Ife and Benin are not, or even that these Negro images are inferior to the Greek ones in any fundamental respect. In a Gandharan head of the fourth century we recognize an artist incredibly similar to the sculptor of the Rheims angels. The feet of Christ crucified in Grünewald's great altar seem to grow from the same body as Christ's dead hand projected by the anonymous painter of the Villeneuve-les-Avignon Pietà. The Museum Without Walls, aided by the infinite wealth that photography has made available to us, trains us to look at each work on its own merit; we refuse to accept the idea that an abstract superiority of conception, even if it exists, can produce a particular work of art that is automatically superior to one evoked by a theoretically inferior conception.

We believe, then, that the artist, no matter what his time and place, is the true communicant of basic values. All art is one. As Malraux explicitly puts it, art is at once a revolt against man's fate, that is, death, and the most living assurance of man's hope, that is, glory.

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Personal Reactions to Israel

LEVEL SUNLIGHT. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

WHAT PRICE ISRAEL? By Alfred Lilienthal. Henry Regnery Company. $3.95.

By Frank Kingdon

ISRAEL is no longer a romantic novelty; it is a hard fact in world politics operating through its own angularities and designs. As these come under scrutiny, the observers reporting on them throw as much light on their own personalities as on the country. This is naturally true to a particular degree of those who have Jewish ancestry. Israel's birth has shattered traditional Jewish perspectives, forcing every Jew to review in a new setting the meaning for him of his faith and history.

Maurice Samuel, with characteristic acuteness, has recognized this and given us an interpretation of Israel frankly formulated in terms of its effects upon his own spirit. The result is a unique book honestly planned and artistically executed.

Samuel is one who has lived by a Zionist conviction, spiritually rooted and informed by a Messianic hope. His prophet was Chaim Weizmann. His vision was of a land revived by the industry of workers whose common zeal would create and maintain a common wealth. His faith was in a Jewish renaissance.

Israel in existence falls short of his anticipated Zion. He has suffered the inevitable sorrow of the idealist who sees his hopes take form in a world of compromise. Painstakingly and brilliantly he portrays the modifications remolding Israel's institutions. His chapters on the *kibbutzim* are the most searching analysis of their dilemmas I have seen.

Though grieved, he is not disillusioned. He keeps bright his faith in the historical destiny of the Jewish people working itself out through the instrumentality of the Jewish community. His account of the crisis in his own soul precipitated by the experience of Israel is beautifully written and deeply moving.

Alfred Lilienthal, at the opposite pole from Maurice Samuel, is a Jew who dissociates himself from Israel and repudiates the thought that it has any peculiar meaning for him or that he has any special responsibility for it. His title sets the tone of what he writes. He is so preoccupied with price that he ignores values. Written in anger rising from fear, his book condemns with equal fervor all who had a hand in Israel's birth, not only the Israeli leaders but also Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas E. Dewey, Harry S. Truman, Robert A. Taft, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, the New York *Times,* and the New York *Herald Tribune.* Israel to him is a plot of politicians contrived to haunt his peace. He plays Cato in a home-made puppet world of knaves and fools.

FRANK KINGDON, author and lecturer, has a regular column in the New York Post.

New Books in Brief

Lowdown on Stalin

THE SECRET HISTORY OF STALIN'S CRIMES. By Alexander Orlov. Random House. $4.50.

Political exposés are only as good as their authors. This is especially true of disclosures dealing with the Soviet Union, for no means of checking them exist. One of the results of this immunity is the steady outpouring of "intimate portraits" of Stalin by persons claiming to have been his uncle, nephew, valet, or some other connection.

The author of the latest volume describes himself as a high official of NKVD for fourteen years—but not, as the blurb writer asserts, a member of "the inner circles of the Communist government" for twenty-one years—who finally broke with Moscow in 1938 while working as an adviser to the Spanish Loyalists. Ever since, the blurb reports, he has been in hiding. The book, parts of which appeared in *Life,* purports to tell the inside story of the purges of the thirties. The story not only covers the published confessions of the

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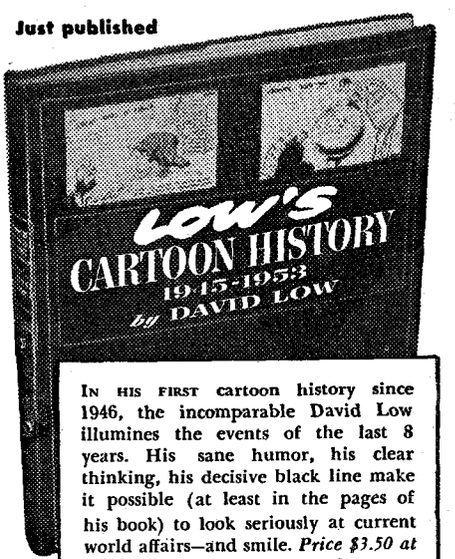

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men purged but reveals how Stalin himself engineered the murder of his political heir, Kirov; "broke" the old Bolsheviks—Zinoviev, Kamenev, Krestinsky, and others; and then killed off the NKVD agents who "knew too much." Stalin is depicted as a cunning maniac who lived in constant dread of assassination, personally directed the murder of his rivals, collected pornographic pictures, held drunken orgies with his NKVD cronies, possibly was a homosexual, probably murdered one of his wives, and could have a "seeing-eye" Alsatian shot, together with its owner, an old Communist, because the dog had awakened him, Stalin, in the night.

From the account it appears that NKVD's "top brass" are an extraordinarily gabby lot, with a passion for confiding, promptly and fully, in the author. Mr. Orlov can not only quote Stalin's ultra-secret conversations with police chiefs but note such details as that Stalin's eyes were "slyly screwed up" during one passage. All in all, it is a story as fascinating as the question of why it was released by a reputable publishing house without a hint to the reader about what had been done to check and confirm it. Or have the American publishers, in this distraught season, been infected by the virus poisoning Russian literature?

As Alive as Music

TEN BURNT OFFERINGS. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford. $2.50.

Louis MacNeice's new book is made up of ten verse quartets on subjects ranging from Elizabethan England, through St. Paul in Greece, to the death of a cat. It is not, however, the subject that matters but the poet's process in the subject. MacNeice's process is the process of high wit, an intellectual music for parts of the world looked at. The looking is generally detached and suave, playful yet devout. In MacNeice's own phrase, he is "Thrusting burnt offerings at a god/Who cannot answer to his name." Those who seek a "message" in poetry will find nothing here. Those who answer to the poem as a self-entering, self-generating, self-sealing form as organically alive as music may well find this the most exciting book of the year or of the decade.

From the first, MacNeice has been one of the rare masters of technique among modern poets. The reservation most critics have expressed about his work, in fact, has been that it is too often merely clever. But if there is a point at which skill becomes its own manifest achievement, this must be it. One thinks of Anatole France's great fable of the Juggler of Notre Dame. Not knowing how to pray to the Virgin, he spread his mat before her altar and juggled for her. And just as the monks were ready to cry sacrilege, they saw the Virgin come off her pedestal and wipe the juggler's forehead.

MacNeice is a juggler, too, but here the juggling has become something so close to the true devotion that certainly at least one muse must be leaning forward to blot the page for him. "Ten Burnt Offerings" is one of the rare rewards—a book for readers (see reservation above) to delight in and for poets to fall in love with.

A "Must" for Bird Watchers

BIRDS AS INDIVIDUALS. By Len Howard. Foreword by Julian Huxley. Introduction by Roger Tory Peterson. With Photographs by Eric Hoskins. Doubleday. $4.

This book seems to have created quite a furor among ornithologists when first published in England. The author, a musician by profession, moved to a country cottage and established an astonishing rapport with local birds, which literally lived with her, roosting in the house, demanding food, and appealing to her for aid at various crises. What dismayed the professionals was not merely the intimacy of the association but innumerable examples of individual differences and, especially, examples of what looked like intelligent, purposeful action. The publishers of the American edition have been cautious enough to get prefatory statements from Julian Huxley and Roger Tory Peterson vouching for the accuracy of Miss Howard's observations. Huxley says: "Miss Howard will not expect professional biologists to accept all her conclusions. But they will be grateful for her facts." Peterson uses Konrad Lorenz's term "mechanomorphism" to indicate that delusion, the opposite of "anthropomorphism," to which scientists are sometimes prone and seems to feel that Miss Howard's observations pretty well shake the whole popular assumption that birds are mere reflex-action machines. Neither the amateur "bird watcher" nor the student of animal behavior can afford to miss this book.

Adultery in Lisbon

COUSIN BAZILIO. By Eça de Queiroz. Noonday Press. $4.

Adultery in Lisbon in the eighteen sixties is the theme of this leisurely and delightful story by the greatest of Portuguese novelists. With irony and with compassion the author tells the tale of pretty Dona Luiza, her naive husband, her seductive cousin, and her blackmailing servant, making from this well-worn material a minor masterpiece of nineteenth-century realism softened by Iberian languors.

Love in Scandinavia

THE PASSIONATE NORTH. By William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

A disappointing collection of short stories by the talented author of "The Body." Laid in the Scandinavian countries and the Western Isles of Scotland, the stories are, as the author says in his Foreword, "about places as much as people . . . a series of landscapes with figures." The landscapes are clear and vivid, the figures two-dimensional, and the stories over-dressed anecdotes.

New Zealand Scene

PARADISE BAY. By John Guthrie. Wyn. $3.

If charm alone were enough, "Paradise Bay" could be recommended without qualification. It is the story of a New Zealand town twenty-five years ago, and particularly of the grand celebration on the anniversary of its founding when Captain Blamey got drunk and beached the ship that was enacting the first arrival, when the descendant of the founder who was the guest of honor turned out to be a half-breed, when an oil well gushed to order and stopped gushing when the shares were unloaded —all to the greater glory of Bertie Dryden, flamboyant promoter and philosophical cynic. A novel to read with pleasure today and forget with ease tomorrow.

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Theater

Harold Clurman

HOW difficult our reviewers have become! They demand impeccable workmanship, masterful literary quality, sovereign artistry. A play with a valid theme, respectable writing, and good acting is slighted on the ground that it is not a "perfect play." Which are the perfect plays? The much-admired plays of O'Casey are far from perfect—and are almost never produced. The "perfect" plays are usually plays by dead playwrights—also rarely produced and successful in our theater only when "name" actors appear in them, at which times they are discussed as vehicles rather than as plays.

Are we, then, to conclude that only plays which receive unanimously glowing notices, like "The Teahouse of the August Moon" or "Tea and Sympathy," are the perfect plays? Surely the reviewers do not mean that these plays are perfect—only that they are very nice. The perfect plays—those by Ibsen, Chekhov, Synge, for example—are not very nice, were not so considered when they were first produced, and their contemporary parallels—presuming they exist—would probably not be received with unanimous approval today. There is something wrong somewhere.

The trouble is not that reviewers disagree—this is natural, inevitable, and not necessarily deplorable; the trouble is that no one can be sure of what any of the reviewers are talking about, except that they are pleased or displeased. Values are not made explicit, standards are not defined, prejudices and attitudes of mind are not clarified or defended.

"The Trip to Bountiful," by the young Southern playwright Horton Foote (Henry Miller Theater), is criticized for being flatly written, monotonous, and over-extended. On the other hand, Lillian Gish's performance in the central role is highly praised. While all these comments may be substantiated to a greater or lesser degree, their total makes very little critical sense to me.

It is not theatrically sound to speak of a very fine piece of acting as if it were happening in one place, and to speak of the play as if it were to be found somewhere on the shelf of a library several blocks away. True, it is possible, though not always easy, to distinguish among the ingredients of a theatrical production, but they can hardly be departmentalized and pigeonholed as our reviewers generally attempt to do. If, let us say, a Josephine Hull is less brilliant in "Whistler's Grandmother" than in "The Solid Gold Cadillac," the difference cannot be explained entirely in terms of the actress.

Lillian Gish seems to me better in "The Trip to Bountiful" than in any other play in which I have seen her. That does not mean, however, that it is the best play in which she has ever appeared. But this little play has an arresting theme and authenticity of feeling and observation, and is at least in the vein of creative expression.

The play tells the story of an elderly lady who wishes to return to the small, now deserted village in which she was born, return even for a brief moment, from Houston, Texas, which to her represents the arid mechanization of the big city. Her son and daughter-in-law are denatured specimens of the humanity which the city produces. Contact with land—the earth itself—bespeaks human dignity to the old lady, a dignity she feels she, along with her son and his wife, no longer have. The theme, in short, is our loss of roots in the transition to the industrialized society we live in. The theme, though real enough, is not one that occurs to us often in the homely terms employed by Mr. Foote, because we who go to the theater have acquired mental habits which reflect a horizon that seems to be bounded on the south by Forty-second Street and on the north by Columbus Circle.

I found the play touching, the characters well drawn, and very well acted not only by Miss Gish but by Jo Van Fleet, Gene Lyons, and the others. I was quite able to bear the play's faults and to be interested throughout, because I heard a sensitive voice communicating something honestly felt. I do not need entertainment to *kill* me. When a neighbor whispered to me during the course of the play, "Don't you think it's too long?" I felt like retorting. "What have you got to do that makes you so impatient?"

"The Solid Gold Cadillac" by Howard Teichmann and George Kaufman (at the happily recovered Belasco) is an enjoyable show in a pure Broadway vein, which is a species of metropolitan folk art. Its style is jazzy journalese, full of a sort of hasty, tart, sophisticated street humor, jeering but inoffensive, clever but unpretentious. It is a fairy tale in distorted advertisement slogans. It is the sort of thing George Kaufman and his various collaborators did with admirable skill from the early twenties to the early thirties, culminating in "Of

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Thee I Sing." Perhaps now that we have become jittery-prosperous, and Republican again we are ready for this sort of spoofing: the play kids big corporations and their relation to the small stockholder.

George Kaufman has cast and staged the play in a manner that befits it. I have already mentioned the delightful Miss Hull. With amusingly shrewd sets (by Edwin Gilbert), parodied television newscasts, recorded narration by Fred Allen, and assorted attractions (a girl with a sensational figure and a hilariously grotesque secretary), the show is related to a vaudeville and revue technique. All goes well together, is organic—a word more suitable here than in many of our theater's more earnest efforts.

"A Girl Can Tell" (at the Royale Theater) by F. Hugh Herbert, author of "The Moon Is Blue"—than which Mr. Herbert assures us the present item is funnier—is not the kind of play about which any critic need bother to form an opinion. The same may be said of "Kind Sir" (Alvin Theater), which is like a third-rate adaptation of a third-rate play by Louis Verneuil. It is noticed only because of the presence in the cast of Charles Boyer, Mary Martin, and other well-liked actors. One can only say that the whole affair is an example of conspicuous waste. If someone in the profession points out that the play has sold thousands of dollars worth of tickets in advance, I can only reply that I'm not interested, since I'm a spectator, not an investor.

Films

Manny Farber

THE last few years in Hollywood have been a sort of mopping-up act on the assembly lines. Some six or seven directors the public recognizes as artistic have been reworking old skills perfected long before the onslaught of wide screens and 3-D glasses. Big pictures like "Roman Holiday" (which I liked) and "Mogambo" (which wasn't good enough to dislike) are typical examples of rehashings on the part of a couple of old masters, Ford and Wyler, who have been temporarily frozen into academic entertainers by the TV threat. A step down from the big pictures and the big-name people, we find that the honest low-budget film has been eliminated from Hollywood's output. The sensitive, unadorned actors—Widmark, Dan Dailey, Basehart, Wendell Corey, Glenn Ford, Ireland—are either drifting away from Hollywood or being wasted in the rankest pot-boilers. One reason for considering the following movie odds and ends is that they give an immediate picture of the entire recapitulation period.

"The Joe Louis Story." A slow, plodding journey back through the ex-champ's career. For a while it captures the simple, good-hearted quality of the younger Louis but then turns into a shapeless, predictable glad-handing of the hero and everyone connected with him—Marva, Chappie, Roxborough, Jacobs, *et al.* Coley Wallace, performing as the Brown Bomber, tries to be smooth and nonchalant but his slow, unassuming walk and business of switching from dead pan to face-covering grin become tiresome. The real villain of the production—it is hard to believe anyone directed it—is the *Daily News* columnist whose screen play seems determined that the colored hero is a touchy subject and therefore should be "sold" as a sort of saint who did nothing worse than play hooky from his violin lessons and eat too much cake before the Schmeling upset.

"The Big Heat." A compelling crime show. Sydney Boehm's story contains unexpected explosions of sadism at the end of long, tightly constructed dialogue sessions but manages to give off sparks even though it is based on nothing more substantial than several dozen cops-and-robbers films. A crime syndicate, which has half the city on its pay roll and is operated by a sex maniac (Lee Marvin) and an oily, Seagram's-ad type (Alexander Scourby), is broken up by an ex-cop (Glenn Ford) and a few of his war buddies who turn up to help him in crucial moments. The characters seem to be wrapped thinly around steaming amounts of vengeance, avarice, or cruelty, but Marvin and Ford make it a well-acted movie that offers interesting impressions of how a practical-minded American male operates in crises—marring a girl's face with scalding coffee, pulling a woman's body out of a bombed automobile.

"Mogambo." A half-interesting safari adventure, meant as a sequel to "King Solomon's Mines." It is inflated with at least one authentic thrill (a gorilla family charging the camera of an annoying anthropologist), a few tastelessly staged excitements (Ava Gardner playfully loving up a baby elephant), and some dated romancing. It suffers less from its silly dialogue than from the fact that the stars (Gable, Gardner, Grace Kelly) have large blank features and a dull spot in the center of their personalities. Because of Ford's genius for mobilizing the screen with off-the-cuff notions of glamour, Gardner acts for the first time as if she were half-interested in the film, and the African terrain—a big-game hunter's sprawling animal farm, the lush landscape as it is crossed by a line of marchers—seems as authentic as in the jungle films of the Merion C. Cooper era.

"The All-American." Tony Curtis as a halfback from the wrong side of town at a snob college is as convincing as a line plunger as Joe Palooka is as a heavyweight boxer.

"From Mainstreet to Broadway." It took a rare amount of greed and insensitiveness to entice so many Broadway celebrities into such a slipshod tribute to "today's American theater." Lester Cowan managed the feat in a Samuel French-type production that has to do with the troubles of a callow playwright who has written a first play called "Calico and Lust."

"The Actress." M-G-M in a mellow mood, which means the folksy acting by Tracy-Simmons-Wright is full of mugging and around-the-home comedy. Its main trouble is that it underrates the intelligence and talents of the rather impoverished New England family: the seventeen-year-old stage-struck girl moons over the performance of an absurdly stereotyped road-company queen; father tries to put on a nice comedy act but fails because he loses his pants.

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Records

B. H. Haggin

THE Concert Society of New York, which this year is offering late-Sunday-afternoon concerts in Town Hall in place of those formerly given by the New Friends of Music, opened its season with a song recital by the soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, which attracted a capacity audience that knew her singing from records. The concert was to have had additional interest and distinction from the participation of the pianist Franz Rupp; and a possible reason for the substitution of Arpad Sandor suggested itself when Schwarzkopf began to sing Bach's "Bist du bei mir": the play with pianissimos was something that required Sandor's paper-thin tone. This miniature style, it appeared as she went on, was her normal method, and one, it also appeared, that she used with impressive mastery—a mastery in deploying the lovely delicate sounds in phrases that held one with their continuous tension and projected expressive force. This was only part of a mastery of the entire situation which involved—in addition to voice and musicality—the powers of presence and dramatic projection of a remarkable actress. But even with all this mastery the miniature style tended to become monotonous; and the full voice and intensity in the concluding song of a group came as a welcome relief.

At the Society's second concert there was a smaller audience for the singers and instrumentalists of Pro Musica Antiqua conducted by Safford Cape (the Brussels group that is on EMS records, not the New York group that is on Esoteric records) in lovely performances of music of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, of which I enjoyed the later pieces more than the earlier ones.

THE ONLY justification for issuing still another recording of Beethoven's Fifth, Schubert's "Unfinished," Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," Dvorak's "New World," or even Mozart's "Haffner" and Berlioz's "Fantastique" would be an especially distinguished performance; but of the performances issued on the new Epic records only the one of Berlioz's "Fantastique" in which Willem Van Otterloo conducts the Berlin Philharmonic is justified in that way. It is in fact the best performance of the work now available, revealing a sensitiveness in phrasing, a feeling for continuity of flow and shape that Van Beinum reveals the lack of in his performance on the London record. But it is reproduced with less clarity of texture than the Van Beinum performance, though with more brilliant over-all sound.

You would think its experience with the Beethoven quartets would have taught Columbia not to record the Budapest Quartet in the auditorium of the Library of Congress again; and for that matter you would have thought Columbia would have gone elsewhere after listening to the first playback of the first Beethoven session. But it stayed, and spoiled the Beethoven recordings; and even after that fiasco it used the hall again for the Budapest recording of the six Mozart quartets dedicated to Haydn. It seems only to have done something to lessen somewhat the effect of the bad acoustic properties of the empty hall; for K.387, 421, 464, and 465, which were recorded last May, sound better than K.428, which was recorded in 1950. But they haven't the natural and beautiful sound that comes off the recent Bartok record of the New Music Quartet's performance of Purcell's Pavan and Chacony; and they vary: K.387 and 464 are sharper and otherwise less agreeable than K.421 and 465, and require a greater reduction of treble; but K.458 ("Hunt") is muffled without a treble boost. Recording may also be responsible for a tiny flaw in one of the performances that are sheer technical and musical perfection: the unclear repeated notes of the violins at the end of K.421.

What Rimsky-Korsakov's rewriting and Stokowski's playing around with sound effects and Rossi-Lemeny's quavering and explosive singing make of passages from Musorgsky's "Boris Godunov" (RCA Victor) is something to avoid. The rumor is that Columbia is not going to record the Metropolitan's performance of the original Musorgsky work; perhaps an expression of sufficient interest by the public would cause Columbia to change its mind.

The outstanding performance of the great *Ella giammai m'amò* from Verdi's "Don Carlo" issued last year on a Victor extended-play 45—with impressive singing by Pinza and beautiful playing of the cello obbligato by Frank Miller—is now on an LP with additional performances of arias from "Simon Boccanegra," "Ernani," "Nabucco," and "I Vespri Siciliani," and the performances of arias from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "The Magic Flute" issued a couple of years ago. Pinza's voice has to strain for some threadbare, quavering high notes in "Nabucco" and "I Vespri," but lower down it still is magnificent—though I must add that the taxing Champagne Aria is hurled forth in rhythmically slovenly fashion. Leinsdorf provides better orchestral accompaniments for the Verdi arias than Wallenstein for the Mozart. No texts.

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ingly beautiful singing of Schubert songs many years ago I played his record "Bjoerling in Song" (Victor) with expectations that were disappointed. His voice has lost its former ease and flexibility, and his singing of the songs therefore lacks its former sensitiveness and refinement. Coarse-grained accompaniments by Frederick Schauwecker. No texts.

On the other hand, though Flagstad's voice when it rises above F sharp is edged, shrill, and increasingly threadbare, in her "Song Recital" (Victor), its flexibility is undiminished; and she continues to deploy it—in Schubert's lovely "An die Musik," for example—in long, subtly inflected phrases that add up to some of the most wonderful singing one can hear today, and some of the most beautiful too when it employs the still lustrous lower range of the voice. Unfortunately the program of the recital is poor—mostly Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle and other even less consequential songs, with only Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe" and "O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück" and Strauss's "Ruhe, meine Seele" as good songs in addition to "An die Musik." Edwin McAruthr gives excellent support at the piano. No texts.

Letters

Trieste Military Base?

Dear Sirs: Although very helpful, your editorial Trieste Formula of October 17 misses, I think, at least one point. What is there to prevent our acquiring an additional air and naval base at Trieste after transfer to Italy of the city and port? Or, abandoning naivete, cannot we assume that there is already a firm understanding with Italy that this shall follow in due course?

Berkeley, Cal. CHARLES B. COLLINS

In Defense of Wolfert

Dear Sirs: As a devoted follower of the naturalistic novel I wish to take strong exception to John W. Aldridge's review of Ira Wolfert's "Married Men" in *The Nation* of October 17. Although it is true that mechanistic determinism has been disproved by recent scholarship, it has never been successfully shown that the operation of man's reason and power of choice in a determined universe is philosophically untenable. Determinism, on which the naturalistic novel is based, does not assert that everything has *fixed causes;* it does say that though everything in the universe is caused there is still room for the emergence of new elements through change—and that among these elements are man's reason and power of choice.

It is totally unnecessary therefore to choose between the naturalistic novel of Zola and the psychological novel of Henry James. There is nothing incompatible in the view that man is partially bound and partially free. Both types of novels, however, can, and sometimes do, go to extremes. . . .

Although Mr. Aldridge says some flattering things about Mr. Wolfert's novel, it is apparent throughout the review that he is rejecting it, along with all other naturalistic novels, as "philosophically untenable." As an individual Mr. Aldridge is certainly entitled to his opinion, but as a reviewer he should be careful not to let that opinion intrude on an objective study of a novel.

ROBERT P. SAALBACH

Rapid City, S. D.

Talladega's Open Door

Dear Sirs: The article in your October 10 issue on Aubrey Williams, a courageous fighter for human rights in the South, was a credit to *The Nation.* However, we would like to correct the impression that Mr. Williams, as an opponent of segregation, is without a platform in any of the Negro colleges in Alabama. Mr. Williams has spoken three times within the last eight years at Talladega College. As recently as November 8, this year, he appeared as Founders' Day speaker at the invitation of the college's new president, Dr. Arthur D. Gray.

Segregation does not exist on the Talladega campus. The school has an interracial faculty and has graduated white students from both its high school and its college department. It is perhaps the only place in the deep South where an interracial primary school is maintained.

LORE RASMUSSEN
MARGARET MONTGOMERY

Talladega, Ala.

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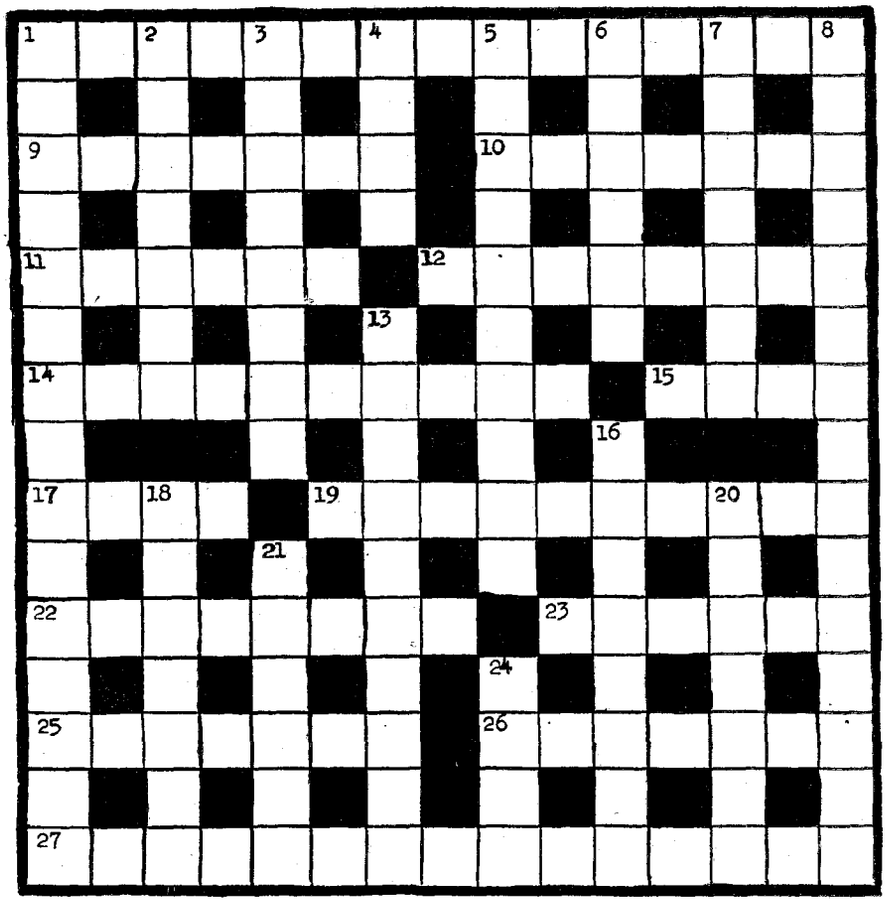
Crossword Puzzle No. 542

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 17.
9 Williams, when half-blind, composed this, and looked at a rather small amount of money. (7)
10 A number taking a beating, and expressing disapproval, naturally. (7)
11 This goes from knee to ankle. (6)
12 This bush starts dividing a couple of times. (4-4)
14 Old Netherlands? (5, 5)
15 To become engaged. (4)
17 and 1 across. Familiarly, not sober away from the plate, and generous. (4, 4, 3, 8)
19 Typical of even a non-union business on Sundays. (6, 4)
22 The price of eggs? (8)
23 Frequently the novel is the best. (6)
25 In which the wrong spirit in the half-back is confined. (7)
26 Are most conductors typified by it? (7)
27 A court guard is a strangely pacific person at weapons. (9-2-4)

DOWN

1 Indulged in by first star gazers? (7, 8)
2 Order for Archer to quit, or to pull the horse's tail? (4-3)
3 Growing from the stem. (8)
4 Told by an idiot? (4)
5 Sharp claim to primitive living substance. (10)
6 Slightly different, if iced. (6)
7 51 and 6 goes into 1. (7)
8 What we speak in front of box tiers. (7, 8)
13 Did it use to be a presidential barrier to be angry, when turned up under a rock? (6, 3)
16 It takes a fractured skull to let one of the following make it. (8)
18 This guard has the wrong identification disc. (7)
20 Does it hold the arms of a devotee of the one who made "The Planets?" (7)
21 Cooper's work is sometimes in stock. (6)
24 The last word in improper designation of 18. (4)

• ❋ •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 541

ACROSS:—9 AGAINST; 10 INSTEAD; 11, 4, 30, 1 and 6 THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE; 12 and 24 CUCKOO CLOCKS; 12 BOAR; 15 ALSATIAN; 16 PARSEE; 18 DRAGON; 20 PADLOCKS; 23 NERO; 25 ACT; 28 IMBIBER; 29 MAIDENS; 31 MINUSCULE.

DOWN:—1 BEAST; 2 ENAMELS; 3 KING COTTON; 5 TAILOR; 6 TEST; 7 BRETONS; 8 ENDORSEES; 14 BALLISTICS; 15 ANDANTINO; 17 WATCHMAN; 19 ACROBAT; 21 CHAPEAU; 22 ALARUM; 26 TASTE; 27 ABLE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York.

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